

In Recital

Lisa Lowry, soprano

assisted by

Roger Admiral, piano

and

Victor Henry, countertenor

Thursday, April 15, 1999 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Department of Music
University of Alberta



Program

From **Giulio Cesare** (1724)

Aria: V'adoro, pupille

Recit. E pur cosi in un giorno

Aria: Piangero la sorte mia

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

From **Quatre Chansons**

Clair de lune (1882)

Pierrot (1881)

Apparition (1884)

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

From **Candide** (1956)

Glitter and be Gay

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

Intermission

From **Vier Lieder**, op. 27 (1893-94)

1. Ruhe, meine Seele!

2. Cacilie

3. Heimliche Aufforderung

4. Morgen

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

From **Dies Natalis** (1939)

II. Rhapsody

Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)

From **The Messiah** (1741)

Air: He shall feed his flock like a shepherd

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Duetto Buffo di Due Gatti

Giacomo Rossini
(1792-1868)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms. Lowry.

There will be a reception in the Arts Lounge following the recital.

Translations

V'adoro, pupille/I adore you, eyes

I adore you, eyes, missiles of love,
Your spark is welcome to my breast.
My sad heart desires you, who inspire pity.
And whom it always calls its best beloved

Piangero/I will bemoan my fate

RECIT.

Why then, in one day, I am deprived of
magnificence and glory?
Oh, cruel fate! Cesar, my beloved idol,
is probably dead,

Cornelia and Sesto are defenceless
And cannot give me assistance.
Oh God! Is there no hope left in my life?

ARIA

I will bemoan my fate
So cruel and brutal,
As long as there is breath left in my body,
And when I am dead and
Become a ghost, I will haunt
Tyranny night and day.

Clair de Lune/Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where spell-binding masqueraders and dancers,
Play the lute and dance,
And are almost sad under their fantastic disguises!
While singing, in the minor mode,
Of love, the conqueror, and opportune life,
They do not seem to believe in their happiness,
And their song blends with the moonlight,
In the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
Which makes the birds dream in the trees
And (makes) the fountains sob with ecstasy,
The tall, slim streams amid the statues!

Pierrot

The good Pierrot whom the crowd watches,
Having finished the marriage ceremony of Arlequin
Follows the boulevard of the temple while thinking.
A young girl in a supple jacket
Vainly entices him with her coquettish eye;
And, however, mysterious and sleek,

Taking in him dearest delight
The white moon like a bull's horns
Throws a glance of its eye behind the scenes
At his friend Jean Gaspard from the office.

Apparition

The moon became sad. Tearful Seraphim
Dreaming, bow in hand in the calm of
Hazy flowers, pulled from dying viols
White sobs, gliding on the azure of the corollas.
It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
My musings, loving to make me a martyr,
Knowingly became drunk with the perfume of sadness
Which even without regret and without aftertaste leaves
The harvest of a dream in the heart which plucked it.
I wandered then, my eye riveted on the aged pavement,
When, with the sun in your hair, in the street
And in the evening, you appeared to me, laughing,
And I believed that I saw the fairy with the cap of light
Who long ago passed through my sweet sleeps of a
Spoiled child, always, from her half-opened hands,
Allowing white bouquets of perfumed stars to fall
like snow.

Ruhe, meine Seele/Peace, My Soul

Not a breath stirs,
the wood rests in gentle sleep;
through the leaves' dark veil
bright sunshine steals.
Peace, peace, my soul.
wild have been your storms,
like the swelling breakers.
These times are violent,
causing heart and mind distress-
peace, peace, my soul,
and forget what threatens you!

Cacilie/Cecily

If you knew
what it is to dream of burning kisses,
of wandering, resting with one's love,
gazing at each other,
and caressing and talking,
if you knew
what fear is on lonely nights,
in the awesome storm, when no one comforts

with soft voice the struggle-weary soul,
if you knew,
you would come to me.
If you knew
what it is to live enveloped in God's
world-creating breath,
to float upwards, borne on light,
to blissful heights,
if you knew,
you would live with me!

Heimliche Aufforderung/Secret Invitation

Raise to your lips the sparkling cup,
drink, at this feast, your heart to health.
And raising it, sign to me in secret,
I'll then smile, and quiet as you, will drink.
And quiet as I, about us regard the host
of drunken talkers - scorn them not too much
No, raise the twinkling wine-filled cup,
let them be happy at their noisy feast.
But having eaten, satisfied your thirst,
quit the loud company's gay festive scene,
and to the garden wander, to the rosebush-
there I'll wait, as long our custom's been,
and, ere you know, I'll sink upon your breast,
drinking your kisses, as many times before,
and in your hair I'll twine the roses' splendour.
Wonderful and longed-for night, O come!

Morgen/Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and upon the path that I shall take,
it will unite us, happy ones, again
upon this sun-breathing earth...
and to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
we shall, quiet and slow, descend,
silent, into each other's eyes we'll gaze,
and on us will fall joy's speechless silence...

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